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PERIPATETIC RELIGION

The above photograph illustrates vividly the reality of traditional religion in Russia. Here we see the "Holy Image" being carried by the priests into a remote section of Russia's vast empire. Not only does such a visit give the peasant his only contact with the world of the spirit but it is one of the few contacts with the outside world of his day. Whatever may be one's attitude toward the faith, the depth of faithfulness developed here is something to be reckoned with, as the present rulers in the Russian Empire are finding out.

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The Human Fact on Which Religion Rests

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

IT seems incredible now that Jesus was ever tempted to an irreligious and materialistic life, but so it stands written in the record. Cast in dramatic symbolism, the three great trials of the Master's character are set before us, probably by someone to whom he himself told them, and the first is his temptation to use his power for selfish ends. "If thou art the Son of God," the tempter said to him, "command that these stones become bread." That is to say, Use your personal power for selfish purposes. Lay by these idealistic dreams and faiths, these hopes for human betterment and courageous loyalties to God. Why be a fool and with such power as you have in your hands forego the carnal satisfaction that you so easily could get? Make food your aim. Seek bread. Feed yourself.

It brings the Master very close to us to think that he was tempted so. No trial of character is more familiar among us. Beneath the wreckage caused by stormy and tempestuous passion is the wider ruin wrought by the silent, cynical desertion of high faiths and aims on the part of those who choose instead to serve materialistic gods. Why be a fool? Give up your lofty objectives and your noble faiths; feed yourself—ah, Master of the spiritual life, to think that even you were tempted so!

We are dealing, therefore, with a vital experience of our own when we think today of the way the Master answered that temptation. "Man," he said to the tempter, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." How characteristic that is of Jesus' realism! He does not fall back on anything artificial or unreal, but on a basic and indubitable fact of human nature, that man is the kind of being who cannot live by bread alone. It is as though he said to the tempter; You call me fool because I cling to these idealistic faiths and hopes and do not deal with fact, but it is I who do deal with fact, this basic, central fact, this endlessly amazing and suggestive fact that man cannot live by bread alone.

Around that fact on which the Master took his stand and to our everlasting benefit withstood the temptation to a cynical and disillusioned life we walk today.

To be sure, while man cannot live by bread alone he cannot live without bread. That should go without saying. Jesus was no ascetic. He labored as a carpenter to help support his family. He knew the uncomfortable pressure of penury upon a household and he gives us a vivid reflection of his personal experience when he speaks of two sparrows on sale for a farthing in the market place. He knew that man cannot live without bread, but he had pondered long this astounding fact that man cannot live by bread alone. It is an astounding

fact. Why should this universe ever have brought forth a being who cannot live contentedly on bread? Look at the vastness of this physical cosmos out of which we come; it seems wholly material. Look at this cooled crust of our planet, whose hidden fires yet burst forth in volcanic vehemence; it looks altogether physical. Look at the beginnings of life itself, feeling only one need, lifting only one cry,—for bread to prolong existence,—and now look at man. Bread touches only the fringes of his need. He lives by science, art, music, beauty, by faith and hope and love, by worship and loyalty, by work and play, by

> "Effort, and expectation, and desire,
> And something evermore about to be,"—

as Jesus said, "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It is an astounding fact.

Consider some things that are involved in it. For one thing, the secret of human dignity lies here. On every side we hear cynical disparagement of human life. As though size were the measure of significance, our antireligious writers put man over against the star Betelgeuse or the nebula of Lyra and call him a dwarf. One of our most popular antireligious writers recently said, "Astronomically speaking, man is almost totally negligible," to which one of the best psychologists in the United States whipped back an answer, " 'Astronomically speaking'," he said, " 'man is'—the astronomer." Quite so! What sense is there in saying that astronomy belittles man when man is the astronomer? He cannot live by bread alone. He hungers and thirsts after knowledge. He pushes his mind's dominion out to the frontiers of the cosmos until what long ago in Judah Isaiah said about God we now can say about man:

> "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?"

These antireligious writers seem to think that if man towered up a thousand miles he would be great; if he were so tall that the flames of the sun burnt his hair he would be magnificent. What nonsense is this! The grandeur of man lies elsewhere. No astronomy can belittle man while man is the astronomer. He incorporates the cosmos in his mind. The distances between the stars lie in his mental measurements. In his comprehension

> "It is he that sitteth above the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers."

Astounding fact, he cannot live by bread alone!

Again, not only does the dignity of human life rest here, but the validity of religion. Start with a materialistic world, nothing but physical atoms, self-arranged by their own inherent forces in mechanistic patterns, and how can you imagine such a universe bringing forth a being endlessly hungry for something more than bread? Can you imagine physical air waves falling together fortuitously into Beethoven's Fifth Symphony? Can you imagine physical type arranging itself into Shelley's Ode to the West Wind? Can you imagine stones carving themselves and falling together into the Cathedral at Amiens? You see, there is a plus element in a Beethoven Symphony or an Ode of Shelley, or a glorious cathedral, that overpasses all materialistic need and that therefore materialism never can explain. So there is a plus element in man. He cannot live by bread alone.

He lives by love. Only when he belongs to some one, when he gives himself in spiritual loyalty to another soul does he live. He finds a friend to whom he says, like Mrs. Browning,

> "The face of all the world is changed, I think,
> Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul,"

And then he begins to live. He lives by beauty. He is starved without it. Said Mohammed, "If thou hast a loaf of bread, sell half and buy the flowers of the narcissus; for bread nourisheth the body, but the flowers of the narcissus the soul." Man is a strange creature. Fill all his physical appetites to repletion and he is not satisfied. Give me, he seems to say,

some wayside well of beauty where I may slake this thirst, and let some loveliness be to me like the house of God and the gate of heaven.

He lives by truth. His intellectual curiosity is endless. He goes to the Antarctic with Byrd to see what he can see. He goes with Noguchi to the fever-ridden swamps of Africa to trace the secret of a pestilence although his colleagues warn him of an imminent death. He risks his life daily to find out new ways of mastering the air, and in numberless laboratories he exhausts himself in the persistent, tireless, endless search for knowledge. What air is to the lungs, what light is to the eyes, that love of truth is to the mind.

Man lives by worship. Strange creature! He never is himself until he is carried out of himself by something higher than himself to which he gives himself. Take out of the human vocabulary words like reverence, appreciation, admiration, adoration, and man's characteristic quality has gone.

He lives by work. All the things that can be done for a man do not content him. He must do something himself, be creative, put himself productively into life if he is to find life, achieve some skill, produce some consequence. As Mrs. Browning said, "Get work! Be sure it is better than what you work to get."

And through it all, man lives by the discovery of spiritual meanings in his life. He is starved without them. Persuade him there is no God, no basic sense in life, that it came from nowhere and has no aim, and something vital has vanished from his soul. He may exist, but not quite live. It is as though some one told him that the universe is like a book with which one scientifically could deal, counting the letters and noting the regular arrangement of the words, but not reading it to find meaning. That would be a crazy book with which one must deal by counting and not reading. That would be a crazy universe. And so, from all excursions into atheism man returns wistfully to see if he cannot find spiritual meaning in this book of his world.

Man is an amazing creature, emerging upon this wandering island in the sky, unable to live by bread alone, living by love, beauty, truth, worship, work, and spiritual meaning. Do you really think that a materialistic universe could have produced him? It is incredible. The Master took his stand here on a basic and indubitable fact, against which all unspiritual and irreligious interpretations of life must forever wreck themselves. Man cannot live by bread alone.

Let us carry the suggestion of this truth out into some of its practical consequences.

For one thing, it suggests that we quit our timidity about religion, our apologetic fearlessness about its future. So many people are afraid that religion at last is done for. Even the preachers often talk as though their major concern were to see how little a man could believe and still be a Christian. We are desperately frightened about religion; sometimes we think that the race will lose it all and query whether we have enough remnants and scraps of it in our possession to justify the name.

You see, we have had to give up so much that our fathers clung to in religion that we naturally ask whether anything is left. Old ideas of the Bible, of theology, of heaven and hell, old interpretations of God and Christ and immortality, old sectarian peculiarities and ritual specialties—what a scrapheap has grown outside the church's door on which people have thrown away the cast-off garments of their religious thinking, so that multitudes of people, when they do think of religion, say, What is left, if anything?

Can you imagine Jesus asking, What is left? He too made a scrapheap outside his church's door on which he threw the cast-off garments of his people's conventional religion. But it never would have occurred to him to rummage among the remnants to see if anything was left. He saw a shining fact and in the light of it went out aggressively to challenge his generation's life. To all individuals trying to live within the boundaries of their lower appetites,

to all societies trying to exist upon the status quo and not attempting the Kingdom of God, he came knowing that the inner gravitation of man's real nature accorded with his appeal—you cannot live by bread alone. He was right. The response that has been made to him across subsequent centuries shows him right. He is today, as H. G. Wells says, the dominant figure in history. There *is* something in man that tirelessly hungers after that which was in Christ. Man cannot live by bread alone.

When Shackleton and his few followers lost their ship "Endurance" in the Antarctic and faced their perilous journey in consequence, Shackleton tells us what the men threw away and what they kept. They begrudged keeping even the bread that in a few days might be indispensable to their existence since it was heavy carrying. Even money grew weighty in their pockets. But one thing they all preserved to the end, their private photographs of the home folk, food for their souls, stimulus and strength to their spirits in that arduous journey. "Sovereigns were thrown away," wrote Shackleton, "and photographs were kept." Do you really think that in this mortal pilgrimage man will ultimately throw away the spiritual goods without which he cannot really live?

To be sure, if we go out upon the streets of the nation, we will see folk trying. Walk the avenues of any city, become acquainted with any campus, and the sight of men and women still trying to live on bread alone depresses one amid the evidences of our prosperity.

Two kinds of nations are thus tempted: first, very poor nations, like Arabia, where the struggle for bread is so severe that it becomes obsessing—such are tempted to live on bread alone—and, second, wealthy nations, like the United States, where money accumulates, and the means of physical pleasure, nervous excitement, endless movement, and purchasable gratification flood in upon us. Oh, church of Christ, in all the centuries of your history there never was a place or time that needed this message more: man cannot live by bread alone.

Therefore to you who stand for religion I say, recover your confidence. We are fighting a winning battle with the deepest forces of our nature on our side.

Do not let the debunkers scare you. They know that the most powerful weapon that they have is ridicule and they are ridiculing everything: purity, self-control, family life, honor, religion, God. They draw their trail of burlesque and sneer across everything lovely until some of you are impressed by it and wonder if religion after all is founded on fantasy, not fact. The answer, my friends, is that religion is based on the deepest fact of human nature: man cannot live by bread alone.

Not only does this thought suggest that we quit our religious discouragement and pluck up confidence again, but that we lift our hopes of humankind. How easy it is to grow cynical about man! One recent writer has said that when a man is eighteen years old he is interested in causes but when he is twenty-eight years old he is interested in commutation tickets. So we belittle man's ideals as adolescent romanticism and write him down a developed brute. Indeed, it may be that some here this morning have been thinking that there is much more that needs to be said about human nature than the roseate and romantic view of Jesus that man does not live by bread alone. There are some, you say, who come very near succeeding in carnal contentment. Fleshly, sensual,—feed the brutes until their physical appetites are satisfied and they will hardly growl for more. Do you really think you know more about the ugly side of human life than Jesus? "Beware of men," he said. He who went out at thirty-three to be spit upon, crowned with thorns, and crucified was no romanticist fooled by his blindness to the seamy side of life. As for man's trying to live by bread alone, who was it told the story of the rich fool whose barns would not contain his crops and who said to his soul, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years;

(*Continued on Page 158*)

Statistics Prove — What?

Set your imagination playing around some worker here in New York writing her annual report, realizing that in a short time her denomination will be casting hasty but appraising glances over items representing her year's toil, items listed in the smallest print posible:

Visits made 1,283

Visits made, indeed! Omitting all the strange clues leading up to the various calls, all the curious personalities discovered, all the tragedies and comedies uncovered: for instance, that very little boy in the mission Sunday School on the East Side, who handed back his illustrated lesson card with the four sad words: "I have no wall!"

"No wall? What can you mean?" Then the visit to that tenement room where a different family made its home in each corner, with a fifth family living in the center. "I have no wall" too literally true: no place on which to tack a colored card, no peg on which to hang a hat and coat, with all the resulting quarrels over lost and mislaid property needing endless readjustment. How can all this color of hot words and of peace-making ever be reduced to a time: Visits made 1,283?

Or how convey to a rapidly scanning denomination the visits to that frail child sitting day after day overlooking a dingy sunless court, with a shoe box on the window-sill, a shoe-box full of earth and a seed or two, with a brave little home-made sign. Two visits, and this child is whisked off to fairyland in the country for three blissful weeks—"und de flowers grow mit colors all over, from yellow, from pink, from blue, and nobody slaps you like they does by the parks und says you dassn't to pick! Say, it's like it is by heaven, I shouldn't wonder."

But if city workers in America stare at their futile statistics, what about that isolated physician in India who has to be all the doctor and all the surgeon, all the oculist and all the dentist, all the trainer of nurses and all the dispenser of drugs, all the drug store and all the Board of Health in his town, all the inspector of bad wells and all the swatter of flies and exterminator of vermin, often all the preacher and teacher and shepherd of wayward wanderers, all the lawyer and advisor and authority the townspeople have to consult, and yet condenses his year of agony and suspense and overwork into infinitesimal type:

In—patients treated 829
Out—patients treated 3,746

And what will you do with the missionary wondering how to list under

New converts 24

such rare souls as old Grandmother Gatewoman, that poor old saint salvaged from a small-pox epidemic and made keeper of the gate of the hospital compound in that Chinese town? Too ignorant to read, she looked with awe on the Bible and evolved her own scheme of service. Almost any day you could see her poking her head through the gate posts calling to the passing peddlers, chair bearers, barbers, candy sellers: "Bend your ear! Bend your ear! An old woman has a secret! God has written you a letter, here's a page of it—"

And through the grating she would send fluttering a sheet of the Bible. For in China where paper is sacred no one ever lets it drop to the street to be walked on rudely. With a sigh of delight she would see it picked up carefully, then she could

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RACHMANINOFF AT PIANO

Music of the Russian Church

By Harold Vincent Milligan
Organist of the Riverside Church

One of the most interesting phases of present-day church music is the effort being made to introduce to our ears the music of the Russian Church and to incorporate some of the best specimens of it in our Western liturgy. This movement has been going on for several years and has met with considerable success. Our church congregations are becoming familiar with such names as Bortniansky, Gretchaninoff and Rachmaninoff, where formerly Smart, Stainer and Barnby reigned supreme. Some of these Russian anthems and canticles are almost too exotic for the average church congregation and their introduction has been effected through the concert hall rather than through the church service.

Just what effect this active and successful propaganda for the Russian ecclesiastical composers will have upon our Occidental church music is still problematic. It is certainly true that these Russians have something to say to us and it well behooves us to listen. There is vitality and passionate fervor in their music which comes as a tonic antidote to much of the modern church music. In avoiding the expression of worldly emotions, many of our church composers have wandered off and lost themselves in a bog of nothingness. True religious fervor is after all a comparatively rare thing and truly religious music is not often met with. The contrapuntal masters of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries achieved it more often perhaps than any of their successors. At the very beginning of the present era, the great Johann Sebastian Bach, patron saint of organists and church composers, set a lofty standard which remains almost unassailable. Of the moderns, the music of Cesar Franck stands out as the best embodiment of the mystic glow of real religious fervor. One thing may be said at the outset about the music of these Russians; it is unmistakably religious. It could never be mistaken for anything but what it is. Here in America we have especial need for the bracing effects of this unaccustomed idiom. It has not been so many years since adaptions of the sextet from "Lucia," the quartet from "Rigoletto," and other operatic transcriptions were put forth by supposedly respectable publishing houses as "anthems," and eagerly consumed by the church public.

What do we mean by "Russian influence?" I might say that the Russian school is the direct antithesis of the quartet-choir Shelley and Buck school. The Russian anthems are not melidoc, as the word melodic is usually understood. There isn't any tune, in the ordinary sense of the word. The musical interest lies in the handling of massed harmonies in subtle and intriguing chordal progressions, in the weaving of inner parts. The choir is treated as one large instrument. The music is usually in six or eight parts, without organ accompaniment. The dynamic range is large, from the most extreme pianissimo to the most thunderous fortissimo, with abrupt and startling changes and pauses. The rhythm is usually of greater flexibility than ours, with 5/4 and 7/4 measures, and sometimes no barlines at all. The utmost freedom of tempo is necessary and the greatest possible deli-

(*Continued on Page 156*)

City Children

The picture above suggests the lengths to which the children go to get the relief which somehow their cramped lives crave.

$10.00 for two weeks at Old Oak Farm, under the Baptist Board.

$14.00 a week at the Y. M. C. A. Camp for boys twelve to eighteen years of age.

$6.00 a week for girls, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, at a camp under the Presbyterian Board.

Through these and other agencies, c
bring the fresh beauty of the open c

Summer Days

Open spaces, pastures, lanes, fields, woods, the "old swimmin' hole," do not even make sense for these children until some friendly soul invests in them.

$5.00 a week at Camp Scharparoon, under the City Mission Society.

Mother Curry's—St. Marks Mission Farm, Rye, New York.
$4.00 a week per person.

rches in New York City are helping to
y into the lives of the city's children.

(*Continued from Page 153*)

cacy of shading. One characteristic Russian touch is the sub-bass part, requiring voices running several notes lower than the usual bass voice; but this effect is not an essential part of the Russian musical inspiration and is not necessary when organ accompaniment is used.

The music of the Russian church springs from the rich and fertile soil of an ecclesiastical tradition of great antiquity. Its deep roots strike into the subsoil of an unusually potent folk music. Traces of the form and tonality of ancient Greek music may be discerned in many of the oldest Russian folk songs, forming a background of intangible and incalculable power for the ultimate production of just such music as later years have produced.

St. John of Damascus, living in the seventh and eighth centuries, is looked upon as the reformer and systematizer of the music of the Greek liturgy. The music of the church, as we now know it, dates from about the fifteenth century. The Imperial Court at Moscow maintained a choir at that period and in the following century the choral music at court reached a high degree of excellence under the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who, by the way, was himself a composer and is credited with having composed at least one hymn-tune which found permanency. The Imperial choir at this period consisted of thirty picked voices, but by the beginning of the seventeenth century the number was doubled. The whole body, however, never sang at one time, the divisions of the choir being used antiphonally, and small choirs of twelve or eighteen voices being used in the various churches connected with the Court.

It was the common practice of these choirs to sing music in eight, twelve, and even twenty-four parts, all unaccompanied, of course, for the use of the organ has never been countenanced in the Russian church. So great was the renown of the Imperial choirs that they frequently gave concerts outside the Court. Peter the Great had his own private choir of more than twenty voices, to which he was so attached that he caused it to accompany him on his travels.

One of the great names in the history of Russian church music is that of Berezovsky (1745-1777) who was sent to Italy by Catherine II for the completion of his musical education. He labored diligently for the improvement of the music of the church, but met with so many difficulties and discouragements that he brought his life to an untimely end by suicide at the age of thirty-two. To his contemporary, Dmitri Bortniansky (1751-1825), who seems to have been made of sterner stuff, or perhaps profited by the labors of Berezovsky, is credited the perfection of church music in Russia, and the present era may be said to date from his lifetime. Many of his compositions are still in use, and indeed, a few of them had penetrated into the Western world years ago before the present movement had begun.

Musicians from other parts of Europe who visited Russia have always been profoundly impressed by the music of the Russian choirs and many have been the enthusiastic reports brought back of its extraordinary power and vitality. One of the best of these descriptions was written by the French composer, Adolphe Adam, who visited Petrograd (St. Petersburg) in 1840. He says:

"The church music is superior to any other kind because it alone is typical and is not an imitation of the music of other nations, at any rate as far as execution is concerned. The Greek rite allows of no instrument in church. The singers of the Imperial Chapel never sing any other music than that of the church service and consequently they have acquired an extraordinary facility for singing unaccompanied with a justness of intonation of which one can have no idea. But what gives the perfect sense of peculiar power is the choir of

bass voices, which extend from low A, three lines below the bass staff to middle C, and produce an incredible effect by doubling the ordinary bass at the interval of an octave below. These voices are always choral singers; if heard singly in solos the effect would be intolerable.

"The first time I heard this splendid choir I was stirred by such emotion as I never felt before. From the first bars I began to shed tears. Then when the music quickened up and the thundering voices launched their whole artillery, I found myself trembling and covered with cold sweat. The most tremendous orchestra in the world could never give rise to this curious sensation, which was entirely different from any which I supposed it possible for music to convey."

Another enthusiastic admirer of the singing of the Imperial choir was Berlioz, who writes of it in his usual highly-colored style. He was accorded great honors on the occasion of his visit to St. Petersburg, and a special mass was sung in his honor.

"I was able to appreciate the astonishing assurance with which, without conductor or instrument, they pass suddenly from one key to another or from a slow movement to a quick, and to admire the imperturbable ensemble with which they sing even recitativos and the unbarred music for the psalms. They remained perfectly motionless and silent, with eyes on the ground, waiting for the moment to begin to sing, and then at a signal, which was taken no doubt from one of the leaders (although it was impossible to detect that anyone gave a note or indicated the pace), they intoned one of the biggest Bortniansky motets for eight voices.

"Out of the web of harmonies, formed by the incredibly intricate interlacing of the parts, rose sighs and vague murmurs, such as one sometimes hears in dreams. From time to time came sounds so intense that they resembled human cries which tortured the mind with a weight of sudden oppression and almost made the heart stop beating. Then when things quieted down, diminishing with divinely slow graduations to a mere breath, as if the choir of angels was leaving earth and gradually losing itself in the uttermost heights of heaven. It was a piece of good fortune that the Grand Duchess did not speak to me that day, for in the state of mind in which I left at the end of the ceremony, I should probably have appeared to her highly ridiculous."

It is to be hoped that much of this Russian music will find a permanent abiding place in our church repertoire and even more to be hoped that it will not be without effect upon our own composers, especially those of the younger generation. There are, indeed, already signs that some of the writers of our church music have found inspiration in the fervid pages of Russian composers. Among the younger composers whose recent writing shows traces of the Russian music may be mentioned Philip James, some of whose recent anthems display a distinctly Muscovite physiognomy. This does not mean that a slavish imitation of the externals of the Russian music is to be recommended, but it is to be hoped that we can so digest the spirit and intensity which characterize the best Russian choral compositions that we may adapt the message and manner to our own needs and evolve a sincere and spontaneous manner of utterance along similar lines.

As examples of church music written under the Russian influence I would cite those early unaccompanied anthems of Tertius Noble, written in England some twenty years ago which have recently come into great vogue,—*"Souls of the Righteous," "Come O Thou Traveller Unknown," "Fierce Was the Wild Billow"* and *"I Will Lay Me Down in Peace."*

(*Continued from Page 150*)

take thine ease, eat, drink, be merry"? That is Jesus' story of a man who was feeding his very soul on corn. Only, when the Master saw a man like that he always thought of him as one who had failed in being a man.

Is not that the true view? As when one visits the ruins of the Colisseum one sees the outlines of its grandeur amid the fallen stones, so Jesus looked on man. Always he appealed from man's failures to man's deepest nature. That appeal still has its ancient power.

A young person comes into my confessional conference stained with sin, wanting to commit suicide and be done with it. Why is it that when I say, "You are a fine, clean, high-minded spirit. Stop identifying yourself with your worst self; identify yourself with your best self; organize yourself around your finest self as though it were your real self," something powerful rises up within that personality as though the basic nature were asserting itself? So long as that appeal awakens response there is hope. Many a time I have watched such folk pull themselves together into moral victory.

Jesus was right: there is something magnificent in people even in their ruins. It is we and not Jesus who take partial views of man. Shoemakers see man as a shoe-wearing animal. Hatmakers see man as a hat-wearing animal. Architects see man as a house-dwelling animal. The tabloids see man as a scandal-loving animal. Movie producers see man as—well, what do they take us for? On every side we see people taking partial views of man. But if you want a whole view, where will you find it more succinctly stated than here: he cannot live by bread alone?

Will some of you appeal from that to biological evolution? Will you say that, as a matter of fact, man is a developed animal? My friends, when we are intelligent we judge things, not by origins but by issues. Music originally was made by beating sticks but you cannot reduce the Liebestod from Tristan to that. Architecture goes back to mud huts but you cannot reduce Chartres to that. The love of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning goes back to the protozoa but you cannot reduce the Sonnets from the Portuguese to that. So man goes back to lowly origins but he is not that. He is a being who cannot live by bread alone.

One of our American psychiatrists said the other day that words are like push buttons; they ring bells. I wish this word could ring bells in this congregation: *We* cannot live by bread alone. Are we trying? Full bodies; starved souls!—that is utter failure in being a man.

Prayer

ETERNAL GOD, our Father, Who hast made us on a plan of such grandeur that we should be called the sons of God, forgive us for the way we fall from our high estate. Lift some of us, we beseech Thee, up into the spiritual altitudes where we were meant to live and, no longer walking in rags and tatters or living in spiritual penury, send us forth from this place, as the Master said, rich toward God. Amen.

▽

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on February 23, 1930, at Temple Bethel—Ed.

▽

Statistics prove—What?

(*Continued from Page 151*)

be heard saying: "It's just your old gate-woman again, God. Now quickly, quickly, God, help them to understand that page! Softly, softly, God, step into their hearts! Gently, gently, God, make the doctrine precious!

It's just your old gate-woman talking, God. Amen."

Statistics prove so little except to those who have eyes to see that the daily rounds of heroism and loving kindness and devotion are still sowing and reaping a harvest too great to be gathered into barns or be crowded into fine type.

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH
For the Women's Society.

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Almighty God, Who inhabitest eternity, Whose name is holy, Who dwellest also with him that is of an humble and a contrite heart, we worship Thee. We come to Thee burdened and bewildered by our ignorance. We know not whence we come nor whither we go. Our lives are set in mystery and our little days are rounded with a sleep. We turn to Thee because we deeply need some one whom we may trust. For Thou hast given us amid the mystery of life beautiful intimations that Thou art and that Thou art the rewarder of them who diligently seek Thee. Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief. Lift us up into a nobler faith this day, that we may dare to trust our diviner hours and be confident of our nobler moods, that cynicism and disillusionment may flee before the light of Thy morning like the mists before the sun and we have a day of clear shining when we shall be sure of Thee.

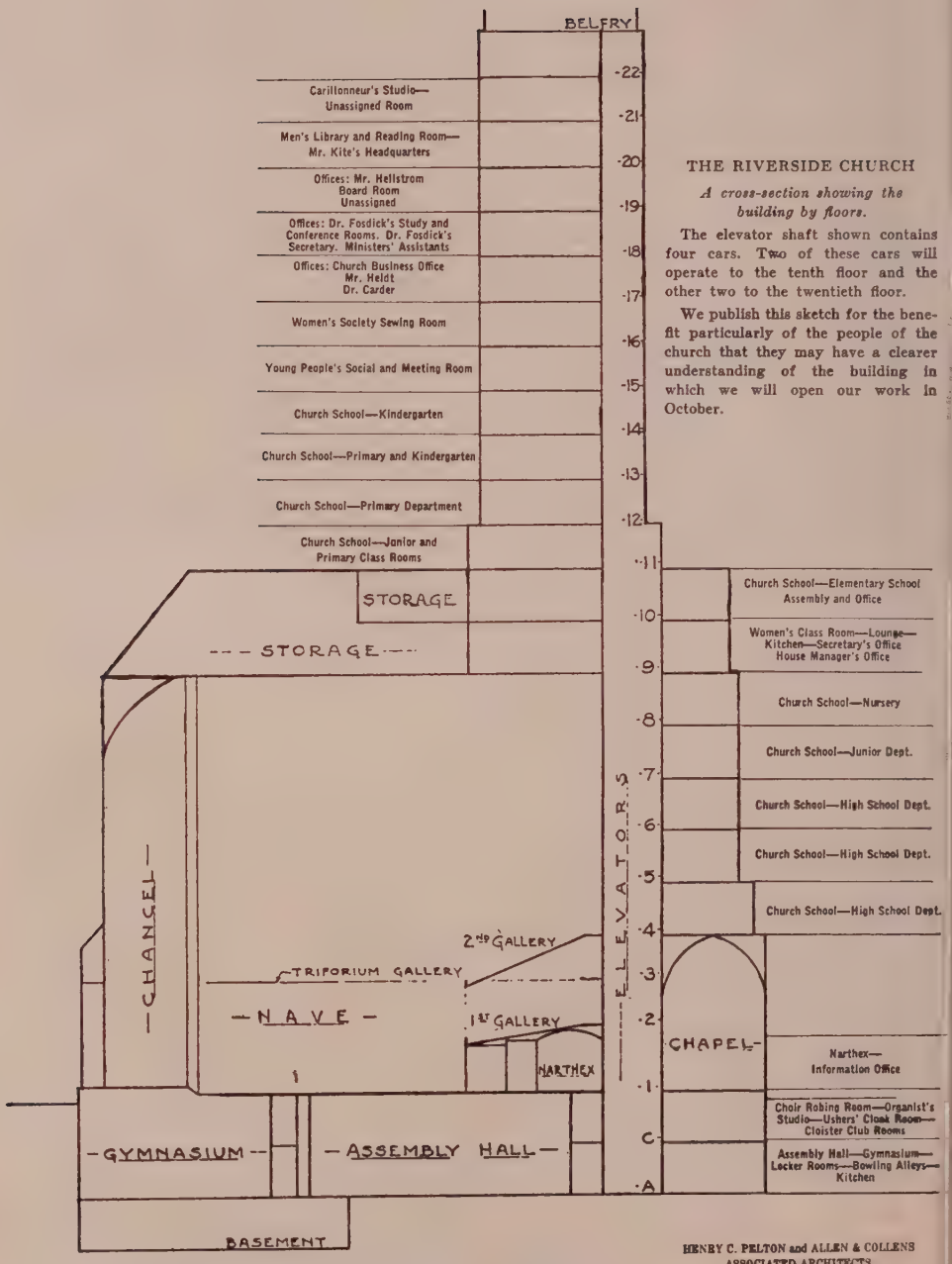
We come to Thee, not only because we deeply need some one to believe in, but because we deeply need some one to believe in us. We have sinned and fallen short of Thy glory. We have walked unkindly with our neighbors. We have failed in the offices of love. We have let vindictiveness rule our spirits. We have found it difficult to forgive. We have been weak in the day of trouble when we should have stood strong in Thy strength. We have let the smoke of our complaining cloud other lives and bring unhappiness when there was no need. We have walked in selfish ambition. We have not served the kingdom of righteousness on the earth.

Yet, O God, beneath these failures which we humbly confess before Thee, there is a flame of spiritual life deep in our hearts which Thou didst kindle there. We come trusting that Thou dost understand our thought afar off and that today, even where we see little goodness in ourselves, and our friends sometimes misjudge us, Thou dost understand us. We would arise and go unto our Father and say unto Thee, We have sinned before heaven and in Thy sight and are no more worthy to be called Thy sons. O God, lift us up. Believe in us again. Have faith that underneath we love Thee. Despite our failure renew Thy confidence in our integrity that we may go forth with this knighthood conferred upon us that Thou dost trust us yet again.

Gather up, we beseech Thee, the various needs of this congregation worshiping in Thy sight. Some of us are young, in the springtime of our days; help us so to live now that there may be no failure in our harvests. Some of us are in the full tide of manhood's and womanhood's strength; help us to walk humbly in the day of our power and to use our might unselfishly. Some of us are old and the sunset draws near. O Spirit of all mercy, at the eventide let there be light.

Send out Thy grace, we beseech Thee, on our families. Let our children grow up before Thee in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to decent living with themselves and useful living in the world. Let the baptism of Thy guidance rest upon our schools and the multitude of youth who there prepare for life, that with all their

(*Continued on Page 163*)



THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

A cross-section showing the building by floors.

The elevator shaft shown contains four cars. Two of these cars will operate to the tenth floor and the other two to the twentieth floor.

We publish this sketch for the benefit particularly of the people of the church that they may have a clearer understanding of the building in which we will open our work in October.

HENRY C. PELTON and ALLEN & COLLENS
ASSOCIATED ARCHITECTS

THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

Notes on the Church School Programme

From time to time it is the purpose of The Church Monthly to publish selected programmes, letters to parents, information concerning activities and interests of the children, and other material particularly valuable in keeping our readers in touch with what is going on in the school. The following notes apply to the Easter season and spring session now closed.

To the Parents of Primary Children of the Riverside Church School:

Another great festival is drawing near and you will want to know how it is to be celebrated in your children's church school. Members of the High School group will give the message of Easter through a dramatization, as at Christmas. At nine-thirty Easter morning the school, including the Primary Department, will meet in the Assembly Hall for this service. The play, "The Boy Who Discovered Easter" is an adaptation of Raymond MacDonald Alden's "The Boy Who Discovered Spring." It deals with a little city child who, having been a cripple all his twelve years has known nothing of life except what he could glean from a basement room in the slums. An operation cures his crooked legs, and he is taken into the home of a physician who has lost his own little boy, and with him, his faith in a God of love.

The story is of the rebirth of the doctor's faith as he watches the blossoming of little Skelly Diggs' own soul. As it has been hard for the bereaved doctor to believe in a God whose love and care are eternal, it is almost impossible to convince the little slum child—who has never seen a growing tree, or flower, or even a caterpillar, until he is introduced to the doctor's garden—that the garden's winter bareness which so grieves him does not mean death. It is through his effort to make Skelly see God's love in the miracle of the return of his beloved flowers and the rebirth of his caterpillar that brings back the doctor's own faith.

Primary children will not get all the symbolism of the play, but they will follow Skelly's adventures with sympathy, and be glad with him that flowers and caterpillar are "living again." The story is being told them in the worship services preceding Easter to help them to enjoy the play more intelligently.

Professor Muriel Streibert in her helpful book, "Youth and the Bible," has this to say about the message of Easter for Primary children:

"The Easter Truth which can mean most to the youngest children is the wonder and the joy of the way in which the best things last. This can be most successfully brought out through nature material, rather than Bible stories. One may study the way in which God keeps the seeds and roots alive through the cold winter, so that we have trees putting out leaves, grass growing green and flowers springing up when one might have thought if one looked around in December that it never would be possible. The Easter lilies and other flowers can symbolize the joy we feel in finding that God does not let the good things which spring and summer bring be lost, but makes our pleasure in them all the greater by hiding them for a while. It is probably best

not to tell the story of Jesus' crucifixion or the details of the burial and tomb to children under six or eight, for they make a deep impression on their sensitive minds. I know a seven-year-old who could recall that he was "full of nails," and another who insisted that he did not love God because God let Jesus be crucified. When reminded of all the good things we owe to God, he said, "Well, I'll love him for everything but that."

Hetty Lee, in "Present Day Problems of Religious Education," says, "Often we thoughtlessly carry our children back into the gloom of the first Good Friday, forgetful that Easter has made all the difference in the way in which we must view its happenings."

The problem of death and resurrection may come up at any time of the year, and is better dealt with in the home as it arises, than in a school group where the problem is not acute with more than one or two.

Helpful suggestions for dealing with this problem are found in the chapter on "The Fear of Death" in "Problems of a Little Child" by A Mother, published by the Pilgrim Press; in the chapters on "Easter" in "Youth and the Bible," by Streibert; and "Present Day Problems of Religious Education," by Hetty Lee; both books published by Macmillan, and in the pamphlet article by Gladys Grover, "What to Tell the Children About Death," which was printed in Children, the Magazine for Parents, March, 1928.

Throughout the year the children have been finding out different ways in which God works, through nature, through people. They have put into a psalm of their own those things which they consider "wonderful works." You will be interested to read it. The last clause to be included was added after the children had been told about the Sheltering Arms Home and the second grade had made a visit to the cottages. At the same time the third grade, which had been studying Palestine, had made a trip to the Near East Relief headquarters and heard about the orphanages in Syria.

Easter in our department will be made an occasion for sharing the joy of returning Spring with the children in the Sheltering Arms Home. After seeing the High School play, this group plans to carry little flowering plants to these children, sing its Easter songs, and dramatize the story of Jesus and the children.

Our Psalm

(Composed by The Primary Department)

Leader: O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvelous things.

Third Grade: O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good.

Leader: He fills the world with beauty to enjoy, golden stars, rainbows in the sky, trees in summer, and little colored flowers in the grass.

Response: Sing unto him, sing praises unto him.
Talk ye of all his marvelous works.

Leader: He has put beautiful thoughts into the minds of men and made them able to paint for us pictures of his world, build beautiful churches with windows full of color, mold lovely angel figures, or carve them out of stone.

Response: Sing unto him, sing praises unto him,
Talk ye of all his marvelous works.

Leader: He has put love into the world, that children may have homes and food and care; that children who through accident have lost their mothers, their fathers, may still have homes and food and care; he has made us to be his helpers to work with him to make all people safe and happy and strong to help him too.

Response: Sing unto him, sing praises unto him,
Talk ye of all his marvelous works.

Two of the songs used at Easter time in the Primary Department.

SPRING SONG

Wake! Pussy-willow and violet blue,
Spring-time is calling and looking for you;
Wake! says the sunshine, lift dainty bright heads,
Wake! pretty blossoms, arise from your beds.

Wake! call the rain drops, you're sleeping too long,
Wake up and listen to blue bird's sweet song;
Wake! God is calling, through sunshine and show'rs,
Springtime is God's way of calling the flowers.

from "Melodies," Leyda

A Bluebird over the tree-top flew,
His breast was red and his wings were blue,
And he sang for joy the whole day thru
To tell it was Easter time.
A bulb lay withered and brown and dead,
But the sun awoke it in its bed
And a pure white lily raised its head,
To tell it was Easter time.

From: "A Child's First Songs in Religious Education." Ogilvie.

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH

1. For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the sky,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

2. For the joy of human love,
Brother, Sister, Parent, Child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3. For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise,
This our hymn of grateful praise.

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Board of Ushers Elect

The annual meeting of the Board of Ushers was held at the University Club on May sixteenth. Forty-two men were present. At the business session following the dinner the reports of committees were heard. The membership has increased by thirty-five men this year, the total now being seventy-seven.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

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▽

Prayer

(*Continued from Page 159*)

getting they may get understanding. Send Thy grace upon our government, that amid our follies and failures, our cities, states, and nation yet may prove worthy of the trusteeship of power that Thou hast given us.

O God, let Thy light rest upon the church. On Thy preachers who this day undertake the impossible task with fallible lips and unworthy lives to interpret the eternal Gospel of Thy Son, let Thy mercy rest. Lift us above our little selves, that we may be able to minister Thy saving grace to souls that need it, that bewildered feet may find straight paths, that clouded eyes may see clear visions, and the matchless grace of Jesus Christ be made lovely in the eyes of Thy people.

We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen.